

P O E M S

1490. f. 15,
ATTEMPTED

In the S T Y L E of
M I L T O N.

B Y

Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

With an Account of his L I F E and
W R I T I N G S.

D U B L I N:

Printed for W. COLLES, in Dame Street.

MDCCLXVIII.

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MILTON

by

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

With an Account of his Life and
Writings.

DUBLIN.

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[3]

THE

L I F E

O F

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumstances, which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To satisfy this general inclination, and do some justice to the memory of Mr. PHILIPS, we shall give the world a short account of him, and his few, but excellent, compositions. Sufficient they were, though few, to his fame, but not to our wishes.

He was the son of Dr. STEPHEN PHILIPS, archdeacon of Salop, and born at Hampton in

Oxfordshire, December the thirtieth, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in grammar-learning, he was sent to Winchester-school, where he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages, and was soon distinguished for a happy imitation of the excellencies which he discovered in the best classical authors.

With this foundation of good learning, and very early promises of a farther improvement in all useful studies, he was removed to Christ-Church in Oxford. From his first entrance into that university, he was very much esteemed for the simplicity of his manners, the agreeableness of his conversation, and the uncommon delicacy of his genius. All his university exercises were received with applause; and in that place, so famous for good sense, and a true spirit, he, in a short time, grew to be superior to most of his contemporaries; where, to have been their equal only, had been a sufficient praise. There it was, that, following the natural bent of his genius, beside other valuable authors, he became acquainted with Milton, whom he studied with application, and traced him in all his successful translations from the antients. There was not an allusion in his PARADISE LOST, drawn from the thoughts

or



or expressions of Homer or Virgil, which he could not immediately refer to; and, by that, he perceived what a peculiar life and grace, their sentiments added to English poetry; how much their images raised its spirit; and what weight and beauty their words, when translated, gave to its language. Nor was he less curious in observing the force and elegance of his mother-tongue, but, by the example of his darling Milton, searched backwards into the works of our old English poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant expressions, and prove the due extent, and compass of the language. For this purpose, he carefully read over Chaucer, and Spenser; and, afterwards, in his writings, did not scruple to revive any words, or phrases, which he thought deserved it, with that modest liberty, which Horace allows of, either in the coining of new, or restoring of antient expressions. Yet though he was a professed admirer of these authors, it was not from any view of appearing in public; for such was his modesty, that he was the only person who did not think himself qualified for it: he read for his own pleasure; and writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleasing others.

Nor was he so in love with poetry, as to neglect any other parts of good literature, which either their usefulness, or his own genius, excited him to pursue. He was very well versed in the whole compass of natural philosophy; and seemed, in his studies, as well as his writings, to have made Virgil his pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous wish;

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant; coelique vias et sidera monstrant;
Defectus solis varios, lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residunt:
Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni; vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Georg. lib. II.

Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and earth below,
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again.
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

DAVIDEN.

Mr.

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

Mr. Philips was no less passionate an admirer of nature; and it is probable, that he drew his own character, in that description which he gives of a philosophical and retired life, at the latter end of the first book of his * CIDER.

— He to his labours hies,
Glad some, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race. —

And we have good reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new discoveries made, by so diligent an enquirer, and so faithful a recorder of physical operations. However, though death prevented our hopes in that respect, yet the admirable passages of that kind, which we find in his poem on CIDER, may convince us of the niceness of his observations in natural causes: beside this he was particularly skilled in all manner of antiquities, especially those of his own country; and part of this too, he has, with much art and beauty, intermixed with his Poetry.

As to his private character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved, and silent among strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his friends: the first was, the effect of his modesty: the latter of his chearful innocence: the one was, the proper caution of a wise man; the other, the good-humour of a friend. He was averse to contentious disputes; and thought no time so ill spent, and no wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such debates. Thus he never contributed to the uneasiness of his company, but often to their instruction, always to their pleasure. As on the one hand, he declined all strokes of satire; so, on the other, he detested flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the character of a dull man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the expence of his humanity, or sincerity. This sincerity, indeed, was his distinguishing character; and made him as dear to all good men, as his wit and learning did to all favourers of true sense, and letters.

Upon all these accounts, during his stay in the university, he was honoured with the acquaintance of the best and politest men in it; many of whom, who now make considerable figures, both

in

MR. JOHN PHILIPS. 9

in the state, and in the republic of learning, would think it no disgrace to have their names mentioned, as Mr. Philips's friends. And here we must not omit that particular friendship which he contracted with Mr. Edmund Smith, author of the incomparable tragedy of PHAEDRA and HIPPOLITUS; and who, upon his decease, celebrated his memory in a fine poem; and soon after followed him to the grave. These two often communicated their thoughts to each other; and as their studies lay the same way, were much to their mutual satisfaction, and improvement. For, as the mind takes no greater pleasure than in a free and unreserved discovery of its own notions, so it can reap no greater profit than in the correction it meets with from the judgment of a sincere friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. Philips's life, who had a soul capable of relishing all the finest enjoyments of sublime, virtuous, and elegant spirits. I am sure, Mr. Smith, in his poem to his memory, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the loss of it.

Whom shall I find unbias'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?

To

To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
O! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.

It is to be deplored, indeed, that two great geniuses, in whose power it was to have obliged the world so much, should make so short a stay in it; though had their date been longer, we can hardly say, that time would have added any thing but number to their compositions. It was their happiness to give us all their pieces perfect in their kind; the accuracy of their judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest care and correctness. For hasty fruits, the common product of every injudicious fancy, seldom continue long, never come to maturity, and are, at best, food only for debauched and vitiated palates. These men thought, and considered before they sat down to write; and after they had written too, being ever the last persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well: and even then, perhaps, more in compliment to the opinion of others, than from the conviction of their own judgments.

But

MR. JOHN PHILIPS. II

But it is now time that we lead our author from his university friend to some of a higher rank, among whom he met with an equal applause and admiration. The reason of his coming to town, was the persuasion of some great persons, who engaged him to write upon the battle of Bleinheim*; and, how well their expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his works. It is enough at present to observe, that this poem brought him into favour and esteem with † two of the most eminent encouragers and patrons of letters that have appeared in our age: the one, famous for his political knowledge and universal learning; the other, distinguished for the different talents of a refined and polite genius, and an indefatigable application to business, joined with an exquisite and successful penetration in affairs of the highest concern.

However, though he was much respected by these, and other noble patrons, yet from the modest distrust he entertained of himself, it was not without some pain that he enjoyed their company, and the fear of offending, oftentimes made him

* Anno 1705.

† The late earl of Oxford, and lord Bolingbroke.

him less studious of pleasing. Such was the humble opinion he conceived of his own good qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his virtues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental light which they deserved. I speak this only with respect to his conversation with his superiors, who, knowing his true worth, were more pleased with his endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious gaiety that men of much wit, but little humility, and good breeding, generally affect. As this decent silence did not prejudice the great against his wit, so neither did his unsollicitous easiness in his fortune at all hinder the marks of their favour and munificence. True it is, that he never praised any one with a sordid view, nor ever sacrificed his sincerity to his interest, having a soul above ennobling the vicious; and as he gave his characters with the spirit of a poet, he observed at the same time the fidelity of an historian. This, indeed, was a part which distinguished him as much from almost all other poets, as his manner of writing did: he being one of those few who were equally averse to flattery and detraction. He never went out of his way

for

for a panegyric, or forced his invention to be subservient to his gratitude; but interwove his characters so well with the thread of his poetry, and adapted them so justly to the merit of the persons, that they all appear natural, beautiful, and of a piece with the poem. If it be reckoned difficult to praise well, for our author not to err, in such a variety, is much more so, and looks like the masterly hand of a great painter, who can draw all sorts of beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his colours, nothing stiff or affected in his manner; and all the lineaments are so exact, that an indifferent eye may, at first view, discover who sat for the picture.

From this general view of his writings, I shall now pass on to a particular; of which it is to be wished, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following account. I have heard a story of an eminent preacher, who, out of an obstinate modesty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one sermon*, (the best, perhaps, that ever
passed

* On Providence. Preached before K. Charles II. Feb. 10, 1677-8.

passed the press) to which the public gave the title of **DR. CRADOCK'S WORKS.** The same, with much justice, may be given to the poetical compositions which our excellent author has published, and which may challenge that name more deservedly, than all the mighty volumes of profuse and negligent writers.

The first of these was the **SPLENDID SHILLING**; a title as new and uncommon for a poem, as his way of adorning it was, and which, in the opinion of one of the best and most unprejudiced judges of this age, "is the finest burlesque poem in the British language*"; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any author of our own, or other nations; the sentiments and stile being in this both new; whereas in those, the jest lies more in allusions to the thoughts and fables of the ancients, than in the pomp of the expression. The same humour is continued through the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most poems of that nature have been before. Out of that variety of circumstances, which his fruitful invention must suggest to him on such a subject, he has not chosen

* See the Tatler, Numb. 250.

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chosen any but what are diverting to every reader, and some, that none but his inimitable droll could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a pleasure that we could not expect; though, at the same time, the sublimity of the stile, and gravity of the phrase, seem to chastise that laughter which they provoke.

In her best light the comic muse appears,

When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

This was the first piece that made him known to the world; and, though printed from an incorrect copy, gained him an universal applause; and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many imitators to work; yet none ever came up to the humour and happy turn of the original. A genuine edition of it came out some years after; for he was not so solicitous for praise, as to hasten even that, which, by the earnest he received from the public, he might modestly assure himself would be a procurer of it.

The next of his poems was that, intitled *BALDWINHAM*; wherein he shews, that he could use

* See Mr. Smith's Poem above-mentioned.

use the same sublime and nervous stile as properly on a serious and heroic subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous nature. We have said before, at whose request this was wrote; though he would willingly have declined that undertaking, had not the powerful incitements of his friends prevailed upon him, to give up his modesty to their judgment. The exordium of this piece is a just allusion to the beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be Virgil's) and that of Spenser's *FAIRY QUEEN*.

From low and abject themes the grov'ling muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's Hero;—

The spirit is kept on the same to the end; the whole being full of noble sentiments, and majestic numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols; and not admitting of any rival, (except Mr. Addison's poem *) on the same occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful imitation of Virgil, in his digression upon the poetical *Elizium*, where the famous——*Tu Marcellus eris*——is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the spirit

* The Campaign.

rit of Virgil better than all the labours of his commentators: there, speaking of the late marquis of Blandford, he says;

Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Shouldst CHURCHILL be! —

The addresses to his patrons are very fine and artificial: the first, just and proper; and the latter of English Memmius, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite part of mankind agree, in applying that of the Roman;

— Quem tu dea tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his CIDER, it is one (if not the only) finished poem, of that length, extant in our language; the foundation of that work was laid, and the first book composed at Oxford; the second, for the most part, in town. He was determined to the choice of that subject, by the violent passion he had, to do some honour to his native country; and has therefore exerted all the powers of genius and art to make it complete. It is founded upon the model of VIRGIL'S GEORGICS; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable poem, which the critics prefer to the divine Æneid.

Yet, though it is easy to discern who was his guide in that difficult way, we may observe, that he comes after rather like a pursuer, than a follower, not tracing him step after step, but choosing those paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his imitations are far from being servile, though sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new variety, and entertains us with scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his masters themselves were to those who first saw that work. The conduct and management are superior to all other copyers of that original; and, even the admired Rapin is much below him, both in design and success; for the Frenchman either fills his gardens with the idle fables of antiquity, or new transformations of his own; and has, in contradiction to his own rules of criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime style of Virgil, with the elegant turns of Ovid in his Metamorphoses. Nor has the great genius of Mr. Cowley succeeded better in his books of Plants, who, besides the same faults with the former, is continually varying his numbers from one sort of verse to another, and alluding to remote hints of medicinal writers, which, though allowed to be useful, are yet so numerous,
that

that they flatten the dignity of the verse, and sink it from a poem to a treatise of Physic. It is not out of envy to the merit of these great men (and who will ever be such in spite of envy) that we take notice of these mistakes, but only to shew the judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the philosophical touches surprize, the moral instruct, and the gay descriptions transport the reader. Sometimes he opens the bowels of the earth; at others, he paints its surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower products, and fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent pleasures of its inhabitants. Here we are taught the nature and variety of soils; there the difference of vegetables, the sports of a rural, the retirement of a contemplative life, the working genius of the husbandman, the industry of the mechanic, contribute as much to diversify, as the due praises of exalted patriots, heroes, and statesmen, to raise and ennoble the poetry. The change of seasons, and their distinctions, introduced by the rising and setting of the stars, the effects of heat, cold, showers, and tempests, are

in their several places very ornamental, and their descriptions inferior only to those of Virgil.

It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular instances of his imitations of the last mentioned poet: men of taste and learning will themselves observe them with pleasure; and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the illiterate: to the one, it would be a sort of an affront; to the other, but an insipid entertainment. Milton, we are informed, could repeat the best part of Homer; and the person, of whom we write, could do the same of Virgil, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the variety of his numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient answer to those who wish this poem had been wrote in rhyme, since then it must have lost half its beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishable tenour of versification, and returns of close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical ear. The best judges of our nation have given their opinions against rhyme, even they, who used it with the greatest admiration and success, could not forbear condemning the practice. I am not ignorant, to what a height some modern writers have carried this art, and adapted it to express the

most

most sublime ideas; yet this has been in much shorter poems than the present; and I doubt not but the same persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like occasion. I shall not so far enter into the dispute concerning the preference of these different manners of writing, as to state and answer the objections on each side. It is true, Mr. Dryden thought that Milton's choice of blank verse proceeded from his inability to rhyme well; and, as good a reason might easily be given for his own choice; it being certain, he had the perfect art and mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

However, we leave this question to be decided by those, whose studies and designs to excel in poetry may oblige them to a more exact enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a disreputation to Mr. Philips, that he did not write in rhyme, than it is to Virgil, that he has not composed odes or elegies. The bent of our genius is what we ought to pursue; and if we answer our designs in that, it is sufficient. The critics would make a man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little hints of those authors, whether Virgil could not have wrote better satires, or Horace a good epic poem.

But to return from this digression to my design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a criticism upon the works of our author, or those of others. These are only the sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good fortune not to prejudice his memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one remark more upon this subject, which is the great difficulty of making our English names of plants, soils, animals, and instruments, shine in verse: there are hardly any of those, which, in the Latin tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the style. And yet, I know not by what art of the poet, these words, though in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the dignity of his style, but become their places as well as those of a better and more harmonious sound.

I cannot leave the CIDER, without taking notice, that the two books are addressed to two gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say, that they were Mr. Philips's friends and favourers, and whose characters, without the help of a weaker hand, will be transmitted to posterity. Nor must we omit that signal honour which this piece
received

received after his decease, in being translated into Italian by a nobleman of Florence, an honour which the great Boileau was proud his art of poetry obtained, in a language of much less delicacy and politeness*. It may be some pleasure to observe the turn which Mr. Smith gives this passage, in the following verses †:

See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo, and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of antient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern as translate.

All that we have left more of this poet is a Latin ODE, inscribed to the honourable Henry Saint John, Esq; late lord Bolingbroke, which is certainly a master-piece: the stile is pure and elegant, the subject of a mixed nature, resembling the sublime spirit, and gay facetious humour of Horace. From this we may form a judgment,

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that

* Monsieur Boileau's ART OF POETRY was translated into Portuguese by the count de Ericeyra.

† See Mr. Smith's Poem on his death.

that his writings in that language were not inferior to those he has left us in our own; and as Horace was one of his darling authors, we need not question his ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admired Virgil.

By all the enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an injury to his ashes to print any imperfect sketches which he never designed for the public. It might, perhaps, please some to see the first essays of a great genius, but considering how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the reputation of the writer for the fancy of the reader. It is a silly vanity that some men have delighted in, of informing the world how young they were when they composed some particular pieces; if they are not good, it is no matter at what age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great chance, if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our author's farther designs, only that we are assured
by

by his friends, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Resurrection, and the Day of Judgment, in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn stile which he makes use of, and by one whose just notions of religion, and true spirit of poetry, could have carried his reader, without a wild enthusiasm,

—Extra flammantia maenia mundi.

LUCRET.

Milton has given a few fine touches upon the same; but still there remains an inexhaustible store of materials to be drawn from the prophets, the psalmists, and the other inspired writers, which in his poetical dress, might, without the false boasting of old poets, have endured to the DAY that it described. The meanest soul, and the lowest imagination, cannot think of that time, and the descriptions we meet with of it in holy writ, without the greatest emotion, and the deepest impression. What then might we not expect from the believing heart of a good man, and the regulated flights and raptures of an excellent Christian poet? His friend, Mr. Smith, seems to be of the same opinion; and as he was a better judge of the scheme

which

which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first rudiments of his design, we shall finish this head with his verses on that occasion:

O! had relenting heaven prolong'd his days,
 The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays,
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
 How op'ning heavens their happy regions show,
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below: }
 Well might he sing the DAY he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any knowledge of his person, or relish of his compositions, will easily agree in the judgment here given, as the generality of men of sense and learning have already done in respect of those which he lived to publish. For my part, I never heard but of one * who took it in his head to censure his writings; and it is no great compliment to his judgment, that he has the honour to stand alone in that reflection. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the fruits of his latter spring, †
 by

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† CREATION. A poem.

by comparing them with the crudities of his first. That satire upon our author has, with its other brethren, been dead long since; and, I believe, the world would have quite forgot that ever it had had any being, had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a * work of a more durable nature.

However, though there is this one unjust exception to his writings, there is none to his life, which was distinguished by a natural goodness, a well-grounded and unaffected piety, an universal charity, and a steady adherence to his principles. No one observed the natural and civil duties of life with a stricter regard, whether those of a son, a friend, or a member of a society; and he had the happiness to fill every one of these parts, without even the suspicion either of undutifulness, insincerity, or disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his virtues to the happiness

* His poem to the memory of Mr. PHILIPS.

N. B. There was also a very silly anonymous piece wrote against Mr. Philips's CIDER, called MILTON'S SUBLIMITY ASSERTED, etc. but it died in the birth, or might be rather said to be still-born, 1709.

happiness of his constitution, but the frame of his mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest temper, he never betrayed any discontent or uneasiness, the integrity of his heart still preserving the cheerfulness of his spirits. And if his friends had measured their hopes of his life only by his unconcernedness in his sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepared for death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering consumption, attended with an asthma; and the summer before he died, by the advice of his physicians, he went to the Bath, where, although he had the assistance of the ablest of the faculty, (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some present ease; and returned from thence, but with small hopes of a recovery; and, upon the relapse of his distempers, he died at Hereford the 15th of February ensuing, Anno 1708.

He was interred in that cathedral; and the following inscription is upon his grave-stone.

JOHAN-

MR. JOHN PHILIPS. 29

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Aetat. suae 32.

Cujus

Ossas si requiras, hanc urnam inspice,
Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera consule,
Si tumulum desideras, templum adi Westmonaste-
riense.

Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et praeclara;
Quae cenotaphium ibi decorat

Inscriptio.

Quam interim erga cognatos pius et officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum

A MARIA PHILIPS matre ipsius pientissima,
Dilecti filii memoriae non sine lacrymis dicatum.

The monument referred to at Westminster, in the foregoing inscription, stands between those of Chaucer and Drayton, and was erected to his memory by Sir Simon Harcourt, late lord chancellor; an honour so much the greater, as proceeding from one, who knew as well how

to

to distinguish men, as excel them, and dealt out the marks of his respect as impartially as he did the awards of his justice. The epitaph was written by bishop Atterbury, in a spirit and stile peculiar to his compositions, viz.

Herefordiae conduntur ossa,
Hoc in delubro statuitur imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

Qui viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,

Immortale suum ingenium,

Eruditione multiplici excultum,

Miro animi candore,

Eximia morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Literarum amoeniorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniae puer sentire coeperat,

Inter Aedis Christi alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo musarum domicilio

Preclaris aemulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi magistris semper intentus,

Carmina sermone patrio composuit

A Graecis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,

Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,

Versuum quippe harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.

Antique

MR. JOHN PHILIPS. 31

Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi

Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,

Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus

Non clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Metiri :

Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus.

Primoq; poene par.

Res seu tenues, seu grandes, seu mediocres

Ornandas sumpserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, et assecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,

Fandi author, et modorum artifex.

Fas fit huic,

Auso licit a tua metrorum lege discedere

O poësis Anglicanae pater, atque conditor Chaucere,

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe cineres, tuos undique stipantium

Non dedicebit chorum.

SIMON HARCOURT miles,

Viri bene de se, deque literis meriti

Quoad viveret, fautor

Post obitum pie memor,

Hoc illi saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS,

32 THE LIFE OF, &c.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop, filius; natus est Bamptoniae in agro
Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit Herefordiae. Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much have we thought proper to speak
of the life and character of Mr. PHILIPS; fol-
lowing truth in every part, and endeavouring to
make both him, and his writings, an example
to others; or, if that cannot be attained through
our own defect, at least to shew, that a good
poet and a good man are not names always in-
consistent.

GEO. SEWELL.



P O E M

To the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

Inscribed to the Hon. Mr. TREVOR.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

S I R,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores

The bard who spread her fame to distant shores;

Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend;

My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,

Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,

One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;

For his dear sake long restless nights you bore

While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,

Much was his pain, but your affliction more.

C

Oh!

Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
 Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous town,
 Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd
 Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled phylick fail'd;
 But since the will of heaven his fate decreed,
 To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
 Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,
 Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
 With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's horse:
 But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
 And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Bleinheim shines,
 And all the battle thunders in his lines;
 His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
 And France to Philips, as to Churchil bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our pow'rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
 Milton and Butler in thy muse combine,
 Above the last rhy manly beauties shine;
 For as I've seen when rival wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
 This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
 With dry rebukes, or sneering praise replies.
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
 Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his stile;

He

He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express,
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress?
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the comick muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes;
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the Globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling musick lose their pain:
So charm the sallies of thy Georgick muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms,

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;

Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chianti vine,
 Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scud'more's wine,
 And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine. }

Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Bleinheim muse,
 The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
 See o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions soar,
 Where never English poet reach'd before:
 See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
 By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
 Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
 In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
 In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
 In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
 To him for ease retires from toils of state,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
 To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
 To follow ours now Tuscan bards descend,
 From Philips borrow, tho' to Spenser lend,
 Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
 They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
 First by an English bard from rhyme their free-
 dom gain. }

Tyrannick rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,
 The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime;
 Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
 Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides:

I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
 Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies,
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
 At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong:
 And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the
 close,

Oft rise to sustian, or descend to prose.
 Your judgment, Philips, rul'd with steady sway,
 You us'd no curbing rhyme the muse to stay
 To stop her fury or direct her way.
 Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackled-dancer tries,
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
 When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
 He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
 Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
 Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
 For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
 Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
 Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
 Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
 In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
 The ancient words the majesty compleat,
 And make the poem venerably great:

So when the queen in royal habit's drest,
 Old mystick emblems grace th' imperial vest,
 And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard to fame by volumes rais'd,
 At Dick's and Batson's, and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
 Cries out aloud — Bold Oxford bard forbear
 With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
 Yet not like thee the heavy critick soars,
 But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
 With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
 For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
 And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;
 His envious muse by native dulness curst,
 Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail,
 Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
 Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
 And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
 You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
 And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
 Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
 Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns;
 So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
 The list'ning nymphs, and ravish'd heroes hung:
 But cits and fops the heav'n-born musick blame,
 And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;

Like

Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
 As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
 O! had relenting heaven prolong'd his days,
 The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays,
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
 How op'ning heavens their happy regions show,
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
 Well might he sing the DAY he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
 To our just vows the hapless youth return?
 Must he no more divert the tedious day?
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
 No more to harmless irony descend,
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
 No more in false pathetick phrase complain
 Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
 Who now shall God-like Anna's fame diffuse?
 Must she, when most she merits, want a muse?
 Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:
 How while the troubled elements around,
 Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
 Through streams of smoak, and adverse fire he rides;
 While ev'ry shot is levell'd at his sides;

How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near Great Argyle,
Whom shall I find unbias'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
O! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd,
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely chusing, tho' by all desir'd;
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, or by wealth allur'd,
To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles his own:
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our author's works, and lives, and souls he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:

With

With equal judgment his capacious mind
 Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
 Judicious physick's noble art to gain
 All drugs and plants explor'd, alas in vain!
 The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
 Nor goodness now, nor learning ought avail'd:
 Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the life they could not save.

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest,
 The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
 The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
 Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
 Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
 Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
 In his last hours his easy wit display,
 Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay.

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
 And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
 Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
 Others immortal epitaphs design;
 With wit, and strength, that only yield to thine:
 Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,
 Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
 And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
 Dormer laments amidst the wars alarms:
 And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tuston's arms:

Thee

42 A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF, &c.

Thee on the Po kind Somerfet deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

O D E

O D E

A D

HENRICUM SAINT JOHN, Armig.

I.

O Qui recisae finibus Indicis
 Benignus herbae, da mihi divitem
 Haurire succum, et suaveolentes
 Saepe tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
 Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
 Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
 Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
 Exors bonorum? Prome reconditum,
 Pimplaea, carmen, desidesque
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV. Ferri

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
 Qua cygniformes per liquidum aethera,
 Te, diva, vim praebente, vates
 Explicuit Venufinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, seu puerum, trucem.
 Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
 Et vina, Cyrrhaeis Hetruscum
 Rite beans equitem sub antris.

VI.

At non Lyaei vis generosior
 Affluxit illi; saepe licet cadum
 Jaëtet Falernum, saepe Chiac
 Munera, laetitiamque testae.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior,
 Nec charus aequè, O! quae medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus.

VIII.

Pertentat, ut teque et tua munera
 Gratus recorder, Mercurialium
 Princeps virorum! et ipse musae
 Cultor, et usque colende musis!

IX. Sed

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus aegre spiritus, illa
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tussis agens sine more pectus.

X.

Alte petito quassat anhelitu;
 Funesta plane, ni mihi balsamum
 Distillet in venas, tuaeque
 Lenis opem ferat hauritus uvae.

XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
 Libo salutem, quin precor, optima
 Ut usque conjux sospitetur.
 Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militiae super
 Rebus togatum. Maeste! Tori decus
 Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium
 O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!
 Tu forte felix; me Maria
 Macerat (ah miserum! videndo:

XIV. Maria,

XIV.

Maria, quae me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuae
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

XI

XII

A N

A N
O D E
T O

HENRY SAINT JOHN, Esq.

Translated by THOMAS NEWCOME, A. M.

I.

O Thou from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb * prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bole,
I suck new life into my soul.

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view;
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy cask subdue
And wash away the thirsty pain,
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies.

* TOBACCO.

III. O!

III.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
 What vows, what offerings shall I bring?
 Since I can spare, and thou approve
 No other gift, O hear me sing!
 In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
 That strings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go
 Where Rome's sweet swan did whilom fly;
 And soaring, left the clouds below;
 The muse invoking to indue
 With strength, his pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great beauty's praise,
 Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
 Or chuse, the subject of his lays,
 The blushing grape, or blooming rose;
 Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs,
 Mæcenas listens while he sings.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
His muse, or music to inspire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coast,
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire:
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

VII.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his songs,
His muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
O! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring:
And last in Phœbus' humble train
The first and brightest genius sing.
The muses' favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

D

IX. But

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
 To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
 Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
 My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
 With pain I touch the mournful string,
 And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
 Which feebly strives thy worth to sing!
 And would be hush'd and lost in death,
 Did not thy care kind succours bring!
 Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
 And call new life in every vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
 Thy health, with fair Francisca's join,
 Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
 Such beauties, and be ever thine;
 No chance the tender joy remove,
 While she can please, and thou canst love.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumphs and distant fame pursue;
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
Upon her lips what sweetness dwells?
Not love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor Venus' self so much excels;
What different fates our passions share,
While you enjoy, and I despair?

XIV.

* Maria's form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart.
And chacing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

D 2

XV. Altho'

* Miss MARY MEERS, daughter to the principal of
Brazen-nose.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
 And sighing, hopes no kind return;
 Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
 By night I wake, by day I burn.
 Nor can thy gift soft sleep supply,
 Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

THE

[53]

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING:

A N

IMITATION

OF

M I L T O N.

— Sing, heavenly muse,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken, or in leathern, purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall* repairs:

D 3.

Where,

* Two noted ale-houses in Oxford.

54 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
 Wisheheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well polish'd jet,
 Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the antient town
 Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus,

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. 55

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my ærial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What shou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of woodhole; straight my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods! avert
 Such plagues from righteous men;) behind him stalks
 Another monster not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms
 Erst have endu'd; if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch.

56 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings,
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood

Drinks

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. 57

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,

Nor

58 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay:
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My Galligaskins that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and incroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice,
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears;
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

BLEINHEIM:

B L E I N H E I M :

A

P O E M,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling muse

Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
 Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
 Beneath his merits, but detain a while
 Thy ear, O Harley! (tho' thy country's weal
 Depends on thee, tho' mighty ANNE requires
 Thy hourly counsels) since with every art
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing genius to the muses seat:
 Therefore thee first, and last, the muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroul'd
 Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force

Opponent

Opponent slighty thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris, (proud Ægyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious; they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load.) Nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaseless rore, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where diff'rent food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high stretching hills,
All white with summer snows. They go beyond

The

The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
Encouragement, Godolphin, wise and just,
Equal in merit, honour, and success,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to serve
The best of queens :) he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach,
The Germans hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouse. Not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar bear, inclement sky,
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom. Gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rank'd
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands

Victorious;

Victorious; on thy pow'rful sword alone
 Germania, and the Belgic coast relies,
 Won from th'encroaching sea: that sword great ANNE
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
 When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list; her hand
 Assures good omens, and saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits:
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war
 Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumed crest
 Nods horrible, with more terrific port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did Albion hope
 From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpass'd
 Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reck'ning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke; O friend! observe,
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught they come
 Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
 Their maws with full repast! Another, warm'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;

What

What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with griding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying with retentive gripe,
Confounded, and appall'd! no trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expose to scorn
Of gath'ring crowds to Briton's boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces express'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
Your easie march? Advance; we'll bridge a way,
Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! that boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight
He soon revisits Brittany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's had prevail'd.

No need such boasts, or exprobatons false
Of cowardice; the military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either side the trumpets blew,

Signal

Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bravarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry,
Presumptuous comes: here Churchill, not so prompt
To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrible flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoak sulphureous; intermix'd with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd field; with latent mischief stor'd
Showers

Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
 Disploding musc'rous howels, fragments of steel,
 And stones, and glass, and nitrus grain adust.
 A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment, and soul rout
 With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high prancing steeds
 Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each army death, in various shapes,
 Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
 Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
 Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
 Of guns, and trumpets clang, and solemn sound
 Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
 Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were seen,
 None of retreat: as when two adverse winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid sky
 Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife.

So they, ineens'd: 'till Churchill, viewing where
 The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose his slaught'ring arm; with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way

O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death: destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her
way

Beneath his courser ; round his sacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted—Swift, and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd

His seven-fold shield, and skreen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears :) unmanly dread invades
The French astoni'd; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in their swift retreat confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do? or, how
Withstand his wide destroying sword? or where
Find shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with wrath
Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls,
His current swift the Danube, vast, and deep,
Supreme of rivers; to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd,
New horror chill'd their veins; devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom: with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood:
Bands, numerous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upbore
By frothy billows thousands float the stream

In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
 Confiding in their hands, that sed'ious strive
 To cut th' outrageous fluent: In this distress
 Ev'n in the sight of death, some, tokens shew
 Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
 Sustain; vain love, tho' laudable! absorpt
 By a fierce eddy, they together found
 The vast profundity; their horses paw
 The swelling surge, with fruitless toil: furcharg'd,
 And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
 The river flows redundant, and attacks
 The ling'ring remnant with unusual tide;
 Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immerst.
 So when some swelt'ring travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
 Of vast extension, from her watry den,
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd train
 Embracing horribly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirles; th' unweeting prey
 Entwisted rears, the parted wave rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
 To gull their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,
 Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
 The current flows, with livid milive flames

Boiling,

Boiling, as once Pergamian Xanthus boil'd,
 Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursu'd
 The straggling Trojans: Nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harraught pow'rs
 From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long deserr'd
 The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
 An host disparted; when, in union firm
 Embodiy'd, they advanc'd, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;
 He the proud hoasters sent, with stern assault,
 Down to the realms of night. The British souls,
 (A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On Landen-plains, this heav'nly glad some air,
 Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
 Not so the new inhabitants: They roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate, themselves
 Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
 Of military chance; when lo! they see,
 Thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,

Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt
 O'er vardant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revol'd
 ANNA's late conquests; one, to empire born,
 Egregious prince! whose manly childhood shew'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; thou, his associate dear
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Shouldst Churchill be! but heaven severe cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
 Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; 'till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
 And corresponding features fair; to them
 Confusion! straight the airy phantoms fleet,
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O muse! the sadly pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air where triumphs wait
 The conqu'ror, and sav'd nations joint acclaim.
 Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fixt, they behold the British guide, of sight
 Insatiate, whilst his great redeeming hand

Each

Each prince affects to touch respectful. See,
How Prussia's king transported entertains
His mighty guest; to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to shew
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy, how Leopold declares
His great deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns; despair, and fear
Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extreme,
Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various sounding wire, best taught to claim
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse
Torment the Boian prince? From native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate

His plighted faith: why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh,
 With whom he must contend? Encount'ring fierce
 The Solymaeen sultan, he o'erthrew
 His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
 Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
 Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
 Unhappy prince! (no more a prince) he sees
 Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
 Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
 Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
 Lo! how the Noric plains, thro' thy default,
 Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
 Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince,
 Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd;
 Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
 Well fenc'd, and numerous, desolation reigns,
 And emptiness, dismay'd, unfe'd, unhous'd,
 The widow and the orphan strole around
 The desert wide; with oft retorted eye
 They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
 Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
 Of birds obscene,) bewailing loud the loss
 Of spouse, or fire, or son, ere manly prime

Slain

Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbour's miseries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with nature's choicest gifts,
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear,
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife;
From different climes the flower of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to en throne their prince,
Gallic, or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild Latian shore: what sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! How many widows curse
His cleaving faulchion! Fertile soil in vain!
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd

With

With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature?
See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
The early valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In batailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway? Unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The English undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submit obey
Whom heaven ordains supreme, with rev'rence due,
Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure.
From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou Anna rulest, prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and powers,
Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rook, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t'assert

Thy

Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navy impotent to bear
His volley'd thunder, torn, dislever'd, scud,
And blest the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by fate, to grace
The new-born age; what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound,
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths: this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subduest regions; generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms secure
Of peace, thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view

Europe

Europe embroil'd ; still thou (for thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire.
 Reciprocally ruinous ; say who
 Shall weild th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree ; the trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
 Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
 Thy pow'r, and justice ; jealousies and fears,
 And hate infernal banish'd shall retire
 To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
 Or Tartary, engend'ring discords fell
 Amongst the enemies of truth ; while arts
 Pacific, and inviolable love
 Flourish in Europe. Hail Saturnian days
 Returning ! In perpetual tenor run
 Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
 On virtuous Anna's head ; ye happy days,
 By her restor'd, her just designs compleat,
 And, mildly on her shining, bless the world !

Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease,
 And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves ;
 Sweet solitude ! where warb'ling birds provoke
 The silent muse, delicious rural seat
 Of Saint John, English Memmius, I presum'd
 To sing Britannic trophies, ineexpert

Of war, with mean attempt ; while he intent
 (So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
 His military charge, * no leisure finds
 To string his charming shell ; but when return'd
 Consummate peace shall rear her chearful head,
 Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
 For ever triumph ; latest times shall learn,
 From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

* He was then secretary of war.

CIDER.

C I D E R.

B O O K I.

—— *Honos erit buit quoque Pomo?* VIRG.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona! in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse
Nor skill'd nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays; nor hence disdain to learn,
How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.

And thou, O Moystin! whose benevolence,
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become

As

As I had never been, late times may know
I once was blest'd in such a matchless friend.

Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern; to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills,
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus's nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Naught fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But, when the black'ning clouds in sprinkling show'r's
Distill, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture chear'd,
The orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next, let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes

Pomona's

Pomona's aid in vain. The mry fields,
 Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
 Of beauteous from produce; pleasing to sight,
 But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
 So nature has decreed; so, oft we see
 Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
 Elaborate, less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor from the sable ground expect faeces,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
 The must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
 Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
 Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
 With pungent colic pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And tofs, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome draught.
 But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
 Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
 For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
 Ten-fold reward; thy garner, thence with store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy press with purest juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
 Thy feeble feet, and bind thy fault'ring tongue.
 Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
 Such thine, O learned Brome! and Capel such,
 Willifan Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
 And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
 Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
 Of Mercian Offa he invited came,

To

To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
 Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
 In height of hopes — Oh! hardest fate, to fall
 By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
 Of Marcey-hill; the apple no-where finds
 A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
 This mount may journey, and, his present site
 Forsaking, to thy neighbours bounds transfer
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange
 For law-debates! If, therefore, thou incline
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
 Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success:
 Thus piteous heaven may fix the wand'ring glebe,

But if (for nature doth not share alike
 Her gifts) an happy soil shou'd be with-held;
 If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
 Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
 Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
 And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
 Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.

This naught is useless made; nor is there land,
 But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
 Affords advantage. On the barren heath

The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossie turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Even on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fat'ning muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But, when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native property again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, despond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.

Th' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides,
And darts his fultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimetal streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else, false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; swelt'ring they run
To grotts, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoaky mists, and vapours damp,
Then wo to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names unknown,
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim death, in different shapes,
Depopulates the nations, thousands fall

His victims, youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood, and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of death arrest; she with the vulgar sell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclous'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdu'd,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontrou'd and free,
'Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submit,
She undampli'd stood, and even till now

Perhaps

Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose; had not the heavenly powers averse
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarean dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud dislodged roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat; old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the low'ring sky,
And baleful light'ning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? Whence seek for aid? when from below

Hell threatens, and even fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands, to heaven erect?
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humbler rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantic mood,
Run howling thro' the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easie way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Mean-while, the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd, high above the clouds; 'till, all their force
Consum'd, her rav'nous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mould'ring urns,

And

And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Coleworts rankness; but, with amorous twine,
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud, more lovely, near the fetid Leek
(Crest of stout Britons,) and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and th' Elder's pithy stem.

Uneasie, seated by funereal Yeugh,
 Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
 All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
 Of Cherries. Therefore, weigh the habits well
 Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Wouldst thou, thy vats with gen'rous juice should
 froth?

Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught,
 Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
 A cyon meetly sever; after, force
 A way unto the crabstock's close-wrought grain
 By wedges, and within the living wound
 Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
 The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
 Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
 To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
 With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
 Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
 Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
 Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else
 The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
 Thro' th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet, whatever be the cause,

This

This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think, the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? Howe'er, what
loss

To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And pears of sundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's muse,
Thrice sacred muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels: shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine

Attracts

Attracts the hapless youth through storms, and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphœan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, hips, and Servis' hardest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting, and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The Indian weed, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of nature's hand
Least animal: and shews, what laws of life

The

The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artist: But the hidden ways
Of nature wouldst thou know? How first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wond'ring say,
An inmate orchard ev'ry apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?

'Twill

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn-foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and, for th' expected crop,
Naught but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else, the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand;
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray, to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak

Destruative;

Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbic draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a sponious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd; but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom swarms; let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable hane: joyful thou'lt see

The

The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, 'till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls; such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate; then the grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; mean-while the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd; not with less surprize, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface: whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phœacian isle, from whence,

Sailing

Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
 To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd :
 The Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold, the Moile
 Of sweetest hony'd taste, the fair Pearmain,
 Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white,
 Salopian acres flourish with a growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
 This apple to transplant; if to the name
 Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
 Nor does the Eliot least deserve they care,
 Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, entrencht
 With many a furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid age; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
 Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
 Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
 The Russet, or the Cats-Head's weighty orb,
 Enormous in its growth; for various use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich desert?

What, tho' the Peartree rival not the worth
 Of Ariconium products? yet her freight
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
 Best screen thy mansion from the fervent dog
 Adverse to life; the wintry hurricanes
 In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
 Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.

Chiefly

Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause,
 Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
 Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
 Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
 Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
 Quaffing rich liquids: Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
 The Musk's surpassing worth! that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
 Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
 With large and juicy offspring, that defies
 The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts!
 Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
 Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no regard, 'till Scudamore's skilful hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
 Taught her the savage nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
 Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
 The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,
 Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
 The Red-streak as supreme; whose pulpos fruit

With

With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines.
 Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
 Primaeval interdicted plant, that won
 Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
 Poetic raptures, and the lowly muse
 Kindles to lottier strains; even I perceive
 Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
 Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
 Hers, and my country's praises, I exalt.
 Hail, Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
 All other fields! heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
 Be thou the copious matter of my song,
 And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
 Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
 And friendship, chief delight of human life.
 What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
 Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mix'd,
 Traverse th' extremest world? Why tempt the rage
 Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
 Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
 Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
 Gallic, or Latin grapes, or those that see
 The setting sun near Calpe's tow'ring height.
 Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
 Vaunt their rich must, nor let Tokay contend
 For sov'reignty; Phaeus self must bow

To th' Ariconian vales : and shall we doubt
 T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
 The soil lye idle, which, with fit manure,
 Will largest usury repay, alone
 Impower'd to supply what nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
 The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,
 Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
 The jointed herbage shoots, th' unfallow'd glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
 Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
 Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
 Lo, how the arable with barley grain
 Stands thick, o'ersadow'd, to the thirsty hind
 Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
 Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
 Apples of price, and plenteous shaves of corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
 Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
 So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
 Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
 To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
 To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing herd
 Chews verd'rous pasture; nor the yellow fields

Gaily,

Gaily, enterchang'd, with rich variety
 Pleasing, as when an Emerald green enchas'd
 In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
 A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
 Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
 (Haunt of the Druids) whence the hearth is fed
 With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
 A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
 Of England's throne, by sweating peasants sell'd,
 Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
 To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway
 Awes the divided world to peace and love.
 Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
 Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
 As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
 Vie with our safron odours? Or the fleece
 Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
 With Lemster's filken wool? Where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
 More prodigal of life: In ancient days,
 The Roman legions, and great Cæsar found
 Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressy plains,
 And Agincourt deep-ting'd with blood, confess
 What the Silures vigour unwithstood
 Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
 Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
 Puissant author of great Chandois's stem,
 High Chandois, that transmits paternal worth,

Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
 T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
 That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thy self
 Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise senate, and attention win
 In deepest counsels: Ariconium pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 Him hardy Britons bless, his faithful hand
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 The general's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
 This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls: yet she endures
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in the muse's fairest seat,
 Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge still supplies
 His noble care; he generous thoughts infills
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues: By his genius led,
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of
 arts:

And

And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest'd
 With like examples, and to future times
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
 As, in the cause of virtue firm may fix
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods! this vow
 From one, the meanest in her numerous trains
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse! raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
 To Beaufort's in a long descent deriv'd
 From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
 Faithful asserters: In him centring meet
 Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
 Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
 Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
 O thou of ancient faith! Exulting, thee,
 In her fair list, this happy land inhales

Who can refuse a tributary verse
 To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
 In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
 Unbar'd to all, invites a numerous train
 Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
 Revives the feast-rites old: mean while his care
 Forgets not the afflicted, but content
 In acts of secret goodness, fronts the praise,
 That sure attends: Pardon me, bounteous lord,

To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine;
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful muse!
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious
tongues;

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mould
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The Deadal hand of nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free

From

From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the want
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch, so base of mind,
That woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of heaven? he ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race: but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the females praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour. O, ye gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair, and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd: but if the stars
Malignant, these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness, and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd! — O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich, and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law

With mild, impartial reason; what returns
 Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
 Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
 I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
 I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
 Of apples perish'd: but, up-raisd by thee,
 I tune my pipe afresh, each night, and day,
 Thy unexampled goodness to extol
 Desirous! but nor night, nor day suffice
 For that great task; the highly honour'd name
 Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
 Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
 Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
 And servile flattery, that harbours oft
 In courts, and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
 Of antient friendship, cancel nature's laws
 For pageantry, and tawdry gawds. Some
 Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
 For rule, and power; and other's realms invade,
 With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch
 Betrays his sov'reign. Others destitute
 Of real zeal, to every altar bend,
 By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
 To be styl'd honourable: th' honest man,
 Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
 To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door

A jocund

A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove;
 Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope
 Will shock his steadfast soul; rather debar'd
 Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
 Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd;
 He'll bear the marks of infamy, contemn'd,
 Unpitied: yet his mind, of evil pure,
 Supports him, and intention free from fraud
 If no retinue with observant eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
 Of cumbrous vestments, labour'd o'er with gold,
 Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
 Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
 Of conscience, nor with spectre's gaily forms,
 Demons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
 But (as a child, whose inexperienced age
 Nor evil purpose fears, nor known) enjoys
 Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep, secure,
 When chancieless, with clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy day, he to his labours lies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
 Examines all the properties of herbs,
 Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
 Displays, if by his industry he can
 Benefit human race: or else his thoughts

Are

Are exercis'd with speculations deep
 Of good, and just, and meet; and th' wholesome rules
 Of temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral life; nor sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
 Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust, and hate.
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes
 Except his own, his own employs his cares,
 Large subject! that he labours to refine
 Daily, nor of his little stock denies
 Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
 And baits of pompous Rome secure; at court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
 And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:
 Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
 Of Phoebus; nor less fit Maeonides,
 Poor eyeless pilgrim! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
 Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
 In foreign realm: yet not debas'd his verse
 By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,
 Oh, had but he that first ennobled song
 With holy raptures, like his Abdiel been,
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found,
 Unpitied, he should not have wail'd his orbs,

That

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
 But he — However, let the muse abstain,
 Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
 Mean follower. There let her rest awhile,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

C I D E R.

C I D E R.

B O O K H

O HARCOURT! whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? Whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome; or what,
Unrival'd authors by their presence, made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowr's:
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth! return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!

Mark

Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Mean while (altho' the Massic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the muse,
That, passing lands, and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst heaven? Oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind, 'fatigu'd,
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime, the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure; think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed: if the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
'Till lusk autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd

With

With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening labours; autumn, to the fruits
 Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
 Equal, interenerating milky grain,
 Berries, and sky-dy'd plums, and what in coat
 Rough, or soft rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
 Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
 And the Pine's tasteful apple: autumn paints
 Ausonian hills with grapes, whilst English plains
 Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early dew
 Unlocks th' embosom'd odours, walk among
 The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
 Diffuse ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean!
 Soft whisp'ring airs, and the lark's mattin song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
 Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
 times,

Best portion of the various year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her works
 Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah,
 Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs disturb
 Our pleasant hours. Inclement winter dwells
 Contiguous; forth with frosty blasts deface
 The blithsome year, trees of their shrivel'd fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time; ere hasty suns forbid

To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile fallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unweildy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining, not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulposus mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep

Thy

Thy hufes in water, and again employ
 The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
 The small remains of spirit, and acquire
 A vinous flavour; this thy peasants blithe
 Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
 They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the Apple-Cheese, tho' quite exhaust;
 Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
 Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
 Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
 Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent
 By stormy flocks, must not neglected lye
 The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
 Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
 By endless culture, with sufficient must
 His casks replenisht yearly: he no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
 The various seasons, and by skill repel
 Invading pests, successful in his cares,
 'Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cider-grove: O'erturn'd by furious blasts,
 The lightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fall'n heaps

Collecting

Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grafs, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watry turneps have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense,
Although Devonian much commends the use
Of strength'ning Vulcan; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: This neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as over-took
A miser, that unjustly once with-held
The clergy's due; relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successless care,
Early, and late, when, or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when around

H

The

The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
 The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable glebe: recording this,
 Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn, now, the promise of the coming year
 To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide: The various moon
 Prophetic, and attendant stars explain
 Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
 The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
 With light unsully'd: Now the fowler, warn'd
 By these good omens, with swift early steps
 Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades
 Offensive to the birds, sulphureous death
 Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
 Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
 O'ertakes their speed; they leave their little lives
 Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcocks early visit, and abode
 Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
 Foretell a liberal harvest; he of times
 Intelligent, th' harsh Hyperborean ice
 Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
 Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
 To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
 For his num'd blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see

Thy

Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
 Nutricious! Secret nitre lurks within
 The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
 A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
 With winter winds, before the gems exert
 Their feeble heads; the loosen'd roots then drink
 Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly stars, their pow'ful influence
 O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
 Under each sign. On our account has Jove
 Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless man might slack
 His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
 Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps supply
 Delicious draughts, the Quinces now, or Plums,
 Or Cherries, or the fair Thibbeian fruit
 Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works
 Of sedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs
 Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
 Medicinal, and short breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
 Besides the orchard, every hedge, and bush,
 Affords assistance, even afflictive Birch
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distills

A limpid current from her wounded bark,
 Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
 Parch thirsty human veins, the damask meads,
 Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
 Useful in potables. Thy little sons
 Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
 Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
 Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne! whose most wholesome air
 Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
 The baleful toad, and viper from her shore!
 More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
 With miscellaneous spices, and the root
 For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
 Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous, and stout,
 With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or blissful cups
 Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
 Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
 Instructed, thus to quell their native flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping journey of the year,
 Beyond Petfora, and Islandic coasts,

Where

Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thrascias' gales,
Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often-interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbs, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! Their woods

Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
 Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
 The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
 To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
 They with pneumatic engine, ceaseless draw,
 Intent on laughter; a continual tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
 Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
 A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
 Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
 No stay, nor rest, 'till the wide breach is clos'd.
 So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
 The draining sucker, then alone concern'd,
 When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
 Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
 With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
 And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
 Kind strength'ning heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
 From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
 Rough Eliot, Sweet Permain, the blended streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create
 A pleasurable medly, of what taste
 Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry arch,
 With list'd colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules,
 Delights, and puzzles the beholder's eye,
 That views the watry brede, with thousand shews

Of

Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry wines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product: this, to Gauls, has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider-cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,

Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
 As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
 Darts through a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd
 With lucid amber, or undrossy gold:
 So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
 Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
 In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
 From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
 Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
 O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
 Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
 That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red;
 From hence a glowing drop with hallow'd steel
 He takes, and by one efficacious breath
 Dilates to a surprizing cube, or sphere,
 Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
 For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
 To human life subservient: By his means
 Ciders in metal frail improve; the Moyle,
 And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year
 Acquire compleat perfection: Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
 Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
 But harsher fluids different lengths of time
 Expect: Thy flask will slowly mitigate
 The Eliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,

Embottled

Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, are justly mild.
Softened by age, it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honest men beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; The third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanted cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And thro' intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent, his land exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoaking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh, and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.

Gladsome

Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
 Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,
 Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
 Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rose dawn
 Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
 From amicable talk, and moderate cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
 Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
 Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
 His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
 His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
 Courage, and mirth: magnificent in thought,
 Imaginary riches he enjoys,
 And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
 Debarr'd his grape: the masses still require
 Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
 Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
 Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
 By parching thirst allur'd: with vehement furs
 When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted arch
 Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign
 To ply the sweet canouse, remote from noise,
 Secur'd of fey'rish heats! When th' aged year
 Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,

Beware

Beware th' inclement heavens; now let the hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy ling'ring blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array, for rustic dance prepare,
Mix'd with the baxom damiels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mein
Transported, and sometimes, an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile, blind British bards with volent touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,
A subtle artist stands, in wond'rous bag
That bears imprison'd winds, (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with spritely accents charm.
'Midst these disports, 'forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets, nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in

The

The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest; when the Gnosian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarate their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: beyond, there's naught
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates, with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation; forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, naught is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd
cheeks
Mix'd gore, and Cider flow: what shall we say

Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? Him, death's iron-sleep oppres'd,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with July-heats
Frys the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all afloat,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how with lust, and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heaven'ly pow'rs! that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups! may we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood, too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of other's rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd

Wide-

Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers war'd? What heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty, and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! How Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granvill, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith, or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O best of kings!
What stars their black, disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shou'dst fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme, and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those, thy mercy only would have sav'd;
Yet was the Cider land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider-land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base, disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights

Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, 'till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings, and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice O Albion! sever'd from the world
By nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur, multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd
Destructive of the public weal: For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd

By

By havoc, and dismay, 'till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion: Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
'Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love; at ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods, and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north, to Jury's hallow'd plains!
Piously valiant, (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle; and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage; no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds

Mangled

Mangled behind: the Souldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Allah, gnashing with despite,
And flane, and murmur'd many an empty curse:

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right with-held;
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent Gauls!
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts: Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce; the mighty force
Of Edward, twice o'erturn'd their desperate king:
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited, pursu'd in the sad chase:
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
The valleys flood: great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom fame with all her
For ever shall resound: Yet from his loins
New authors of dissention spring, from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'reign sway; (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds!) but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led

By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
 To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
 And dire revenge: Now horrid slaughter reigns,
 Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
 Careless of duty, and their native grounds
 Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
 Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
 Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
 Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
 Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
 Promiscuously amass'd: with dismal groans,
 And ejulation, in the pangs of death
 Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery coursers; horror thus,
 And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd
 Unrespited: ah! who at length will end
 This long, pernicious fray? What man has fate
 Reserv'd for this great work? — Hail, happy prince
 Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
 Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, thou art he,
 Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
 Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
 Destructive discord: now no more the drum
 Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
 Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
 But joy, and pleasure open to the view
 Uninterrupted! With presaging skill

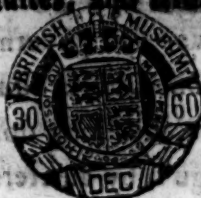
Thou

Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line,
 By wise alliance, from thee James descends,
 Heaven's chosen fav'rite, first Britannic king.
 To him alone, hereditary right
 Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
 Of discontent, two nations under one,
 In laws and interest diverse, still pursu'd
 Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
 To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
 Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
 Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said
 Let there be union; straight with reverence due
 To her commands, they willingly unite,
 One in affection, laws, and government,
 Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
 To northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
 What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
 Or who sustain their force; in union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
 Of all this globe? At this important act
 The Mauritanian and Catharian kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
 Dreads war from utmost Thule; uncontrol'd
 The British navy thro' the ocean vast
 Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
 Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
 Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,

Pearl,

Pearl, and Barbaric gold; mean-while the swains
 Shall unmolested reap, what plenty strows
 From well stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits
 The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
 Abundant, flowing in well blended streams,
 The natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
 Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
 In other realms; where-e'er the British spread
 Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
 Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
 Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.



THE END.

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